

The Curry Arts Journal

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I think to absurdity
and then I write it down.

E. Bartis

Cover Design and Art Work
by
Anthony Cheung

With sincere thanks to Dr. Frances Kohak,
Marvin Mandell, Martha Silsby and Anthony
Cheung for their time, consideration and
support.

Tomorrow Morning

Tomorrow, I'll walk the path
In my stiff shoes,
And try to lose
The ghost that always follows.
The sun is pale in the sky -
It is too cold and fresh a morning
To be haunted.

Maybe I'll keep walking
'Til I reach the end,
Just to feel the journey.
Letting my thoughts wander,
Like my feet through shuffled leaves.
And following myself
Along the path, I'll know that
Finally I'm free.
I would like to touch the wind,
But it cannot be held.
Early morning yawns - the path is long.
It is too fresh and cold a morning
To be haunted.

Suzanne Roquemore

The burning heat of time
the heat of Life
The cold chill of night
the cold of Death
The extremes of

extermination
of the day when I walked in on the night,
without a knock on the door
when my memory failed
serve the darkness on a platter of silver
to illuminate the pain of extermination
to pretend
to disbelieve in the day
to say that I was not
I was not
I am not
but I will see, see
see all that I want to see

There is a river, cross it, I did
nothing, nothing, nothing,
and then life.

E. Bartis

Upon the endless beach of time,
Where fragments scattered in disarray,
Connect past memories with idle present.
The sea, with the pounding rhythm of gentle waves,
Breathes deeply only to have a sigh
of mournful bliss and release
the silent mist of mystery.
Behold the soul, lying in waiting among sharp
pebbles, dazzling shells,
and a million grains of sand.
Like the water's edge, it reaches for me;
Clinging to the shore where it has been before,
In the silence of unknown wonder,
We are touching.

Penny Powell

Stony point

long stone beach,

I'd never surfed there before.

soft and sandy bottoms,

the transparency of glass,

with white crest water

rippling the rocks.

amongst the tidal interplay;

no paddle take-off

a carving 360° attempt

leaving lateral skid marks,

backside head-dip;

rooster-tailing left,

sand jam,

wipeout.

rainbow in the spray.

Curtis Rodman

Leave me Behind

Did you ever walk down,
Down to where the people are?
And have you ever felt like loving them
All?

When you sit alone by the wall,
Do you sink deeper into yourself,
And wonder who you really are?
When I feel myself go down,
Deep into the depths of my soul.
I leave behind who I really am,
And I become Noelle-next-door.
She creeps through my mind,
And leaves me behind.
Everyone fades to mist on the moor.
But Noelle doesn't care;
Like the dead soul reborn,
She glides,
And lightly kisses the rose in the vase,
For she is very beautiful,
And everyone loves Noelle.
As her vitality dies,
She will realize
That it is time for her to leave.
Meekly I return with a nod of my head.
And touch the rose in the vase.
And when I get home,
I crawl into bed,
With a shiver up my spine.
I know that maybe next time,
Somehow she'll get out of my head.

Christine Marion

Comments by a Commuter
(with apologies to EAP's Raven)

Twice a day, while weak and weary,
I descend the channels dreary
Stand on stone in semi-darkness,
feeling cold and somewhat low -
Read the posters hardly charming
and grafitti quite disarming
Wait there nodding, dreaming, scheming,
in the tubes of down below
For the oblong shaped enclosure
that I've come so well to know
For the subway down below.

Here it comes to my great sorrow,
As it does each eve and morrow
And I enter with the rest,
rushed and crushed by overflow.
With complete capitulation,
I give way to strangulation
While arms madly flying searching tieing,
hold me low
And that oblong shaped enclosure,
that terror down below
Starts by lurching to and fro.

How the atmosphere is stifling
And the ride is not a trifling
Yet I try my best at breathing,
breathing slow and crouching low -
But someone's scent by Revlon seems
to clash with coying Avon
And appungent smell of garlic
seems persistently to grow
Seems to mingle strong and long
with Swiss cheese and sour dough
On that subway down below.

Snapping gum, a pert young flirt,
Sitting in a too short skirt,
Takes this strange uncertain moment
to upgrade her facial glow
With the train in swaying motion,
she proceeds with rouge and lotion
While a man who stands beside her,
steps upon her pointed toe
Causing chaos, cries of anguish
and red fluid on his bow
As the subway jolts too slow.

Now I exit with relief
Unconvinced in the belief
That this oblong shaped enclosure
is the answer to our woe.
Though they say it's safer, quicker -
and with that I will not bicker -
Still I find the ride depressing,
pressing in that human row;
I'd much rather ride a wagon,
even in the cold and snow
Than this subway down below.

Take your hand one day
And touch mine
Feel not the texture
 of my skin
But the warmth beneath it.

Take your eyes one day
And look into mine
See not the blue
 that lies there
But the sorrow within

Take your mind one day
And try to read mine
Wonder not how I think
 or with what
But why.

Debbie Dusek

Sunny Days

Sunny days and the stars are shining above me
like an endless love,

Creatures crawl and can't withdraw from the
destruction of their race,

While man tries to socialize in order to stay
in pace,

Birds fly and see the sky as if in no disgrace.

The beasts look down upon the small and kill them
without thinking,

If you were small you wouldn't be very tall but
you would realize who's doing the thinking.

The Flight

The flight of the Chained,
 In search of release;
A china gull flees,
 and wondering, what does she feel?
To empty oneself,
 to fly the soul,
In a Universe of elusive dreams.
And reaching out,
 You wish to touch your God---
The wish of thousands long past life---
 To need, to be lifted,

 And solitary,
 And one with all.
To flow with the Universe,
 And cast away fear.
Do your dreams cry in disbelief,
 or mine?
Does your desire for Final Ecstasy
Claw from inside, and beg release,
 as my dreams do?
Shall you ride the wind?

The flight of the Chained,
 the silent cry,
To what distant memory
Does the china gull fly?

Suzanne Roquemore

It's
 Friday night
 and me and Mike
 are drinking
 a case of
 Miller Life.
 And feelin'
 light and
 thinkin' right,
 we're ready
 for some
 fun tonight.
 We drive
 around and
 go our
 rounds, we
 never know
 what might
 be found
 at
 Big Boy
 Tip Top
 Lynwood
 Westgate
 And it's Friday night,
 You know what I like at
 Big Boy
 Tip Top
 Lynwood
 Westgate

'Til Human Voices Wake Us

Turbulence. The sea is rolling in. Swollen waves break upon the sand, spilling rocks and shells and coating the beach with a greenish foam. Cross-legged in the sand we sit, as a slight breeze wanders through the prickly grasses that surround us. Brushed by the salty air, they seem to melt in writhing patterns. We are saturates with a saltiness that penetrates our lungs and pores. We whisper; our voices are lost, smothered, snuffed out like candles.

"She'll have to die," you tell me, as you turn away. You don't have to hide your face--I can't read what emotions shape you, for you alter what you feel, transforming pure emotion into something twisted. The feelings that pass through you don't show themselves-- they are altered before they creep across your face. When I see your expression I only know that it is not expressing what you feel.... You hide that glass cage, watching life uncurl, letting yourself be watched, but never able to reach out and touch the things you see. I want to call your name, to hear it echo on the wind-- to make you hear. But I swallow and forget.

Calmly now, I have to ask you why: Why are you doing this?" Of all that races through my head, of all the agony and anger that are pushing from inside, I can only utter

stupid words that have no depth. And you will not even answer. Louder this time, more urgent, I ask you why. And turning with a suddenness that frightens me, you shout-- your voice a harshness so discordant with the rush and splash of rolling waves. "She has to die° She's worthless! A human being that has no value does not deserve to live! If she only had a purpose... No one else would have the courage enough to do it, so I must be the one. I mean, who else would do it? No one! Can't you see? It has to be done, and I have to do it! She is nothing."

He's right... in a way, I must admit. But I have to stop him, or I will let her die. I think of how he hates to hear the whine of her voice, and how he turns away from the perverse gestures that contort her limbs. He hates her for being insane. He told me once that she does not seem real to him. I know that he feels threatened; I can see it in his eyes when he speaks of her. It is rare to be able to sense his feelings.

He is so afraid of being like her- so afraid that one day he may wake up to a broken world, a severed cord, and no more light. He hopes to save himself by losing her. To kill her is to crush the seed of insanity that threatens to plant itself. A dull knife, his decision.

A roaring stuffs my ears like cotton, un-

til I can no longer hear his words. I cannot tell if it is just the sound of the wind, or of the waves, or maybe of my mind, but I see his lips move and I cannot hear. In my head I hear the chant of a verse I once knew so well..."And wrapping the golden hair thrice around her throat, he strangled her..."The line is unclear. I can't remember any longer. A gust of wind sends glassy particles of sand into my face, burning my skin until it stings.

I wonder, how do I reason with his twisted reasoning? So I speak, "I can't believe you'll do it." (Though I do believe it.) "It's not for you to decide the time of death. To hold another person's life within your hands--to crush that life is not your privilege." Privilege indeed! Whose privilege is it to kill? Whose honor?

And gently now, you touch my hair with calloused hands. "I wouldn't really do it. You know that. Now quiet." But your eyes are lowered, and your voice sounds far away. And I fear tomorrow.

We have lingered in the chambers of
the sea,
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed
red and brown,
'Til human voices wake us,
And we drown.

from T.S. Eliot

Suzanne Roquemore

Illusion-Reality

illusion - mellow
reality - frightened

illusion - confident
reality - apart

illusion - together
reality - apart

illusions are like lies
that one lives (perhaps unknowingly)
because others believe them
to be a part of one.
if one attempts to tell
that which is real,
one is not to be believed.

illusion - understanding
reality - confusion

Heid Hansen

Fall
 again, and
the critics
and I
 cry
with no harmony
in our souls.
Everything around us
is getting cold and hard,
everything around us'
is crumbling
and making the eyes grow tired
and giving us a longing for peace.
 The frost will be here soon.

E. Bartis

Venus turned on her tears of passion

 to let me drink from her lucid loving cup

i worshiped her as though she was a fine jewel

 expecting nothing in return except a glance of

 light to show her sparkles

but suddenly the clock began to strike again

and there she was a smiling bride in silk and satin

 with strings of pearls across her breasts

accepting i walked behind her

 in a dress of pale blue

 that clashed against the silvery moon

i felt a deep inner pain within

 and my body felt weak and lightless

i raised my head enough to see

 the figure of Venus had returned to Mary

Kim Hayes

I'll Always Wait

In the winter
My father bought me a dog
And I called him Frisky
Because that's how I felt
But the winter came and
The winter passed
Without making a great imprint
On my Life.

In the spring
Frisky learned to jump
And beg and roll over.
I learned too, in the spring
About Life and Love.
Sometimes I wished
That I hadn't.

In the summer
I grew and I learned more
Frisky had more puppies.
And I helped her take care of them
And I cried with Frisky
When they took the puppies away
Because I couldn't understand.

In the autumn
Frisky died
But I didn't cry
Because I didn't understand death
My father bought me a new dog
But I waited for Frisky to return.
I'm still waiting.

Ellie Keating

J'attendrai toujours

En hiver
Mon père m'a acheté un chien
Je l'ai appelé Folâtre
Parce que je me sentais folâtre moi-même
Mais l'hiver a passé
Sans faire de grande empreinte
Dans ma Vie.

Au printemps
Folâtre a appris à sauter
A mendier et à rouler en boule
Et moi j'ai appris des secrets
Sur la Vie et l'Amour;
Parfois j'aimerais n'en rien savoir.

En été
J'ai grandi et j'ai encore appris d'autres choses
Folâtre a eu quatre petits chiots
Et je l'ai aidé à soigner ses enfants.
J'ai pleuré avec Folâtre
Quand ses enfants ont été emportés au loin
Parce que je ne pouvais pas comprendre.

En automne
Folâtre est mort
Mais je n'ai pas pleuré
Parce que je ne comprenais pas la Mort.
Mon père m'a acheté
Un nouveau chien
Mais j'attends toujours le retour de
Folâtre.

Ellie Keating

Through Fire

In Memory of Pamela Wrinch

Where dunes resist the green eroding tides,
Bayberries grey in winter, and winds whip
grass
Into submissiveness. Northeasters twist
The pines, and only rock's immutable.
This is a fitting place for Kore, wintering,
To stand in brief return within Demeter's
Home, to trace the rhythm of voluted shells,
The spiralling of time upon itself.
Well might Demeter see with joy that daughter's
Generosity and strength, her quick perceivance,
Gentleness, as if she brought from deeper
Halls some knowledge never pawned for power.
But short was that reunion; without flowers,
That final summering, as they, unknowing,
Walked along the ocean shore to Eleusinian
mysteries.
Mute evergreens there stood aghast to watch
The all-transforming flames reach toward the
stars.

We at these rites stand in the outer court
And by the flaming torches, final flowers,
We now renounce, before the Maker of the wind
And rock, our first audacity--when we
(Like Pluto and Demeter) presumed to call
Her "ours"--and then the last audacity--
When we presumed to know the seasons of the
gods.

And now, as then, at dawn the finite fire
Pales in the great infinity of light,
Eternally renewed.

(In greek mythology Kore is the daughter of the earth-goddess Demeter. While they are together, earth flowers and is fruitful; but Pluto, god of the underworld, abducts Kore. During her stay underground, the earth is winter-bound and barren; but Kore is allowed brief visits above ground, and these times of the reunions of Demeter and Kore are the fruitful, flowering seasons. The Greeks celebrated the mysteries of Demeter and Kore at Eleusis. There, after the participants had walked along the coast from Athens to Eleusis, the celebrations of the first night of the mysteries took place by torchlight outside the temple itself.)

Frances MacPherson-Kohak
December 10, 1975

The fish was his treasure,
An ocean-spun pearl,
So he wrenched from within
As he watched the arms curl.
With face now contorted,
Ridged deeply in frown,
Like Judas,
He flung the wretched thing down.

Suzanne Roquemore

The waves beat the beach; every one
thundered and roared as it slapped the sand

Washing up particles of glass and shells
with each new wall of water.

Up the beach stood two figures, close
together

Standing upon the fine white particles with
bare feet.

A few feet away a blade of grass was bowing,
to the slight breeze;

The windswept sand formed tiny drifts, and
the sun
Sank into the blue water.

Joe Ulcickas

Starfish

Chilly wind,
A whisper in air,
Spinning and gliding,
And tangling hair.

Brown-shackled creature,
Breathing sea,
Is spun by waves
In ecstasy,
And swept at last
Upon the shore--
Denied the warm refuge
Of ocean-gold floor.

Intruder--
Heavy feet in dance,
Sidesteps waves
In rolled-up pants,
And stands alone
Upon the sand,
The dying starfish clasped in hand.

The sky cupped around
Like a blue china bowl,
As he fingered the primitive fish
that he stole
From the breast of the sea,
From its sea-tangled nest,
From the clutches of Neptune,
For cruelty's jest.

And the wind sang an underture,
Gently at first,
With the waves pounding loufer
In burst after burst.

Suzanne Roquemore

Thursday Afternoon

Through tear stained glass
and rain soaked streets
I think
and pretend I can see clearly
It's really just the rain.

I remember being seven
Were things so easy then?
I wish I really knew.

Memories of roller skates
and cracked sidewalks
To Barbie dolls
and pretend we're grown-ups.

And did I really grow up
or is it just a joke.
I wish my face could smile
I wish my eyes could laugh.

But the rain is falling heavier
the streets are getting wetter
and I am sinking deeper
waiting for the sun.

Jane E. Furey

must I wait on yonder hill for dinner
this sunset
or become stark crazy before my
stomach growls

to stand on head
with my feet crimson in the sun,
just to avoid encumbering this leeway
of joy

'tis not known
the abundance of smiling faces
before the fullmoon
glories (in) its rays

the trees whisper a revival
time to surrender my siege again
the unspoken word serenades my bed
and I must remember the way
of this maize

questions spill
through the water tap
as i wash my face
and my hairbrush needs to be cleaned

it's time to inhale this season
i can't fast anymore
i must eat

ems

The Reincarnation of Walter Mitty

The little sparrow, perched on his swing, seemed oblivious to all that was happening in the room where he lived. Outside his cage stood his mistress, the woman who fed him, protected him, cleaned his cage, released him at her convenience for his daily exercise, bought him playthings, provided for his medical and emotional welfare, and in general, seemed to anticipate his every need. It's a secure life, an ordered life, he thought to himself, almost like his previous life. Strange how even the voice of his mistress reminded him of the wife that was his when he was a human. Yes, he had to admit it, that wife of his had been a solid woman, dependable, a woman who knew what had to be done, when it had to be done and how to apply just the right amount of pressure to provoke him into doing it. How interesting, he mused, that even when reincarnated life assumed the same dimensions, the same routine, the same sameness. Not too bad. There was still time for day-dreaming.

.... Two men walked hesitatingly along a forest path, stopping frequently to consult a map, obviously uncertain of their route, apprehensive of the wild life they could not see but instinctively felt was there. When the path became wider and easier to follow, the men assumed a faster pace and a more confident stride. In time they arrived at a clearing. They stopped, put down their gear, smiled to each other, then shook hands presumably satisfied with their accomplishment. Then one man began looking upward. He raised one hand to his eyebrows shielding his eyes from the sun, and slowly began turning around as though searching

for something.

"There he is!" he said to the other pointing to an object resting on a mountain crevice. "There's the Bald Eagle Walter Mitty."

The other man, meanwhile, had erected a telescope and now was looking through it in the direction of the eagle. "Right. That's him. That's the one we're assigned to bring, alive and well, to the 1976 Exposition. Easier said than done."

The Bald Eagle Walter Mitty, through his ESP, knew the men down below were discussing him and his desired appearance at the Exposition. He really wanted to participate in this momentous event. Why not? For 200 years his form had graced every coin, his image duplicated on government documents, his replica mounted on walls, doors, flagpoles, his facsimile sewn on uniforms. Walter Mitty knew of his importance. He flexed his wings demonstrating his power, his majesty. Then he flew down to the clearing and came to a halt beside the special cage he knew must be for him. "Open the door," said Walter Mitty. The two men seemed to understand. One man opened the cage door. Walter Mitty walked in. The other man shut the cage door.

.... The storks had gathered on the marshes to socialize. They had already breakfasted, welcomed a few newcomers to the group and were now enjoying their leisure, gossiping, exchanging lizard and toad recipes and discussing the adventures of the preceeding night. It was, to say the least, an unusual hour for a representative from the Department of Incubation to make an appearance. Yet, here was the Secretary of the Department himself, surrounded by aides, a sense of urgency and intensity emanating from their very presence. The storks became silent. The Secretary flapped his wings once then began to speak.

"I am in need of a volunteer for a 'mission impossible'; quintuplets must be delivered in one hour. The mission requires a stork endowed with physical prowess, speed and precision."

The storks looked at each other in bewilderment. Then they began muttering aloud, some to themselves, other to those next to them.

"Quintuplets-"

"Not I- not I ..."

"That is a 'mission impossible.'"

"That calls for only one stork that I know of-"

"That's right. Stork Walter Mitty-"

"Walter Mitty. He is the largest of us, flies the fastest, his bill is the longest, and he is reliable, competent-"

Walter Mitty stepped forward, a truly remarkable specimen of a stork. "I will carry the five babies to their parents."

The Secretary and Walter Mitty exchanged salutes, the storks began to applaud and-"Waltee, Waltee, it's time our sparrow had some exercise." The voice of his mistress startled him. I don't want to fly around the room at this time. Please, please, please. The cage door opened and a large, white mass with five long thin suspensions came at him. Petrified, he flew out of his cage and went around the room, once, twice, three times. Then he came to rest on the top shelf of a bookcase.

.... The soldiers, secretly positioned in the apex of a church, appeared hopeless, devastated. Peering through field glasses they had observed enemy troop movements which convinced them that, unless warned in time, complete annihilation awaited their battalion camped a mere twenty five miles away. Only one recourse, remained carrier pigeon. For several weeks now they had been training pigeons hoping, by this means, to be able to dispatch messages through enemy strongholds.

But the training period was not over. Under the circumstances, could any of these pigeons be delegated the responsibility which was now top priority? Would a pigeon with limited training be able to withstand enemy gunfire? Would the pigeon make it safely?

The pigeons, each in a separate cage, sensed the element of danger and wanted desperately to help, but almost all of them felt they lacked sufficient training. One, however aware of the risks, felt a compulsion to try to deliver the message. He began making guttural sounds, moving energetically about in his cage. "Look at me, look at me. I want to help you. Look at me."

"Hell, we're as good as dead anyway. Why not give it a whirl? If the message reaches the CO, we will have saved them and ourselves. If the message reaches the 'Old Man' in time..."

The soldier walked to the cage nearest him, opened the cage door and took out a pigeon. From the cage above came those noises and movements which forced the soldier to look up, "I want to go. I want to go." The soldier put the pigeon he held back into its cage. "I think I'll try Walter Mitty, up here." He opened the cage and Walter Mitty came forward eagerly. "You know, Mitty, you might not make it. We're counting on you, but I want you to know that you might not make it. If you do, though, you'll be a hero and we'll decorate your wings." The soldier tied the message to Walter Mitty's neck, placed the pigeon on the window sill and said "Go." Pigeon Walter Mitty flew up, up, and away...

.... Sparrow Waltee returned to his cage. It's really a good life. Yes, sir. It is a good life.

Gladys Heitin

Murmuring voices reach out
from a faraway country beyond my time.

An island
separated by a sea of laughter and
conversation
a feeling of being a stranger
in a strange land but familiar
because of a spark among the sparklers.
Oh, barren bulb of light!

Does joy spread beyond your dim rays
illuminating an empty room
full of memories and dreams?
Can the glare of the late night movie,
piercing the darkness, across two lonely people
radiate them to reach out beyond Time
and touch reality?

The speakers aren't speaking.
They stand at attention silently
waiting for the Wizard to turn them on.
Flip a switch, set the turntable
turning,
fill the air with sweet notes
of days gone by and days to come

Penny Powell

thoughts

darkness within
trying to reach out
to be understood, supported
conflicts
feelings that are hard to express
fear, anxiety, confusion

heid hansen

for something.

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.... The soldiers, secretly positioned in the apex of a church, appeared hopeless, devastated. Peering through field glasses they had observed enemy troop movements which convinced them that, unless warned in time, complete annihilation awaited their battalion camped a mere twenty five miles away. Only one recourse, remained carrier pigeon. For several weeks now they had been training pigeons hoping, by this means, to be able to dispatch messages through enemy strongholds.

'Til Human Voices Wake Us

Turbulence. The sea is rolling in. Swollen waves break upon the sand, spilling rocks and shells and coating the beach with a greenish foam. Cross-legged in the sand we sit, as a slight breeze wanders through the prickly grasses that surround us. Brushed by the salty air, they seem to melt in writhing patterns. We are saturated with a saltiness that penetrates our lungs and pores. We whisper; our voices are lost, smothered, snuffed out like candles.

"She'll have to die," you tell me, as you turn away. You don't have to hide your face--I can't read what emotions shape you, for you alter what you feel, transforming pure emotion into something twisted. The feelings that pass through you don't show themselves-- they are altered before they creep across your face. When I see your expression I only know that it is not expressing what you feel.... You hide that glass cage, watching life uncurl, letting yourself be watched, but never able to reach out and touch the things you see. I want to call your name, to hear it echo on the wind-- to make you hear. But I swallow and forget.

Calmly now, I have to ask you why: Why are you doing this?" Of all that races through my head, of all the agony and anger that are pushing from inside, I can only utter

stupid words that have no depth. And you will not even answer. Louder this time, more urgent, I ask you why. And turning with a suddenness that frightens me, you shout-- your voice a harshness so discordant with the rush and splash of rolling waves. "She has to die° She's worthless! A human being that has no value does not deserve to live! If she only had a purpose... No one else would have the courage enough to do it, so I must be the one. I mean, who else would do it? No one! Can't you see? It has to be done, and I have to do it! She is nothing."

He's right... in a way, I must admit. But I have to stop him, or I will let her die. I think of how he hates to hear the whine of her voice, and how he turns away from the perverse gestures that contort her limbs. He hates her for being insane. He told me once that she does not seem real to him. I know that he feels threatened; I can see it in his eyes when he speaks of her. It is rare to be able to sense his feelings.

He is so afraid of being like her- so afraid that one day he may wake up to a broken world, a severed cord, and no more light. He hopes to save himself by losing her. To kill her is to crush the seed of insanity that threatens to plant itself. A dull knife, his decision.

A roaring stuffs my ears like cotton, un-

Poem for a Tree and People

Stretch the branch to soothe the flow,
my twigs, clutch, at this pen
as the jaw crushes into smaller bits,
the finger's nail.

The mind unfolds eternally,
just as universal energy never ceases.
He continues, everyday
to move think and act as he so perceives
is right,
to justify his existence
and to take stand protectively,
from nature's way.

He fears and yet is calm in a somewhat
patient way,
enjoying the life that is in, and about,
So stretch the hand and twist it about,
the branch also reaches for life.

Kevin John Janet

The soul came down
 so lightly
 It touched my fingers and pulled me
 so lightly
 and we rode through sorrow together
 so softly
 came the sounds of crickets in the
 cold night
 there is warmth in the earth
 there is a chill in man
 his tears freeze and never appear
 and the soul
 so lightly
 pulled
 it's strength near exhausted
 and I remember
 it said so softly
 remember what you do not know
 and
 know what you can not know
 and the pain
 the tears
 and the loneliness
 will leave
 and the crickets will never die.

E. Bartis

Tapestry (Haiku)

Woven swan, pastel
 In flight, stretches for the moon,
 Melting out of sight.
 Suzanne Roquemore

For The Store-House of My Mind

Fashion once made of his
 closet door, A panel of
 fabric, an abstract that
 sways, A flowering
 cluster of solids
 and stripes, An
 oppulent blending
 of plaids and of
 prints. Favorites
 all, though
 some long
 forgotten,
 Favorites once
 some merely back-
 placed. My thoughts
 gently ruffle the wool
 and the silk, There's
 magic and music and sparkle
 and stars, And sorrow and
 solace and laughter and glee,
 In pattern, in fiber, each
 woven thread, In hidden and
 faded ones, almost forgotten,
 In wrinkled and stringy ones
 simply back-placed. Fashion
 has bowed to the casual cult.
 It's the open throat for the
 open road for the open end--
 and sad am I, for though it's
 a way for man to feel free,
 What's been destroyed un-
 wittingly, is a tie, a
 link, a thing I need
 desperately, emotion-
 ally, for the
 store-house
 of my
 mind.

Gladys Heitin

DEATH of a MURDER

The murderer will die.
He will cause his own death
It will not be a romantic suicide
His will be a slow death, filled with great pain.

He is killing himself this very minute.
Somewhere, in the back of his mind
 he sees what he is doing...
But he cannot stop himself.
"who is this murderer?" you ask...
"who has he murdered?
can he be helped?
perhaps a good doctor..."

You see him everyday
in many places.
You may even see him by a quiet
pool of water,
 if you take the time to look.

Many are not aware of the crimes he has committed.
You only need open your eyes to see the crimes.
He has killed in numbers that you
 do not wish to count.
But even worse than that...
 he has raped his mother,
the mother that nurtures him...
 that supports his life.

He is now plotting to murder her.

The murderer's life may drain from his body
 before he can commit his final crime.
Or he may kill himself quickly...
taking his mother, and the rest of his family
 with him ...
 in one swift, violent stroke.
However, if the murderer succeeds in his crime,
he will sign away his life--
 for the source will be gone.

Somewhere, deep in the back of his mind...
 chained in a dark corner...
is his conscience.
The murderer's conscience is aware of what
 is happening,
but is powerless to act.
It will stay chained in the corner....screaming.
It will not be heard.

The murderer cannot stop himself.

Justin Burrill

Tippling

There was once a queen named "Alice,"
whose king shared his drinks from her chalice.
Their Tippler's ways
brought downfall one day;
They drank from the moat of the palace.

Linn Champney

Green Room

There i crouched under crashing walls,
cloaked in sparkling emerald.
high on adrenalin upon entering the room,
heart pumping at an ever racing pace.
i cannot believe i had been there before,
and every time the room would change appearances.
first smaller then wide open,
at first it did not reach the door,
small entrance leading to the day.
in all my visits to this room i never saw a soul.
past closing and closing fast back door,
which just slammed tight on me.
i weave my way through the tubular room,
the sunlight rainbows and reflects through wafer
walls and floods the room with various colors.
to leave this room was like a new birth.

Curtis L. Rodman

Walls of wood
Block time
the coming came
the time came
 walls of wood
 block time
the coming
 revolved
 revised
 recycled
 walls of wood
 block time
The word
 it was
the time

 it was
the time

 it was
The word was blocked by
 walls of wood
The minds
the souls
the hearts
never were
when they were blocked
 by walls of wood.
 E. Bartis

Here we sit in broken wooden pieces;
resemblance of a desk

The greenish white board, smeared with
chalk lays on the wall
with a crack in it

Our teacher stands by her table and
examines the students with
her harsh looking eyes
she looks sickly
she looks peaked
she is white as a ghost

she slumps to the floor

No sound...No breath...No pain
she died with a slight semblance of
a smile on her face.

Joe Ulcickas

Time Won't Wait

Time won't wait for us, my love,
It flutters like a restless dove
And stretches wide wings,

Searching for the greenness of the forest
Gentle rhapsody of sound,
Time sings to us, swiftly bound
For open meadows clothed in mist,
And naked in their emptiness.

Suzanne Roquemore

